

NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER

W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

AN AMERICAN INTERNAL POLICY.

- FIRST—PUBLIC OWNERSHIP OF PUBLIC FRANCHISES.
The Values Created by the Community Should Belong to the Community.
- SECOND—DESTRUCTION OF CRIMINAL TRUSTS.
No Monopolization of the National Resources by Lawless Private Combinations More Powerful Than the People's Government.
- THIRD—A GRADUATED INCOME TAX.
Every Citizen to Contribute to the Support of the Government According to His Means, and Not According to His Necessities.
- FOURTH—ELECTION OF SENATORS BY THE PEOPLE.
The Senate, Now Becoming the Private Property of Corporations and Bosses, to Be Made Truly Representative, and the State Legislatures to Be Redeemed from Recurring Scandals.
- FIFTH—NATIONAL, STATE AND MUNICIPAL IMPROVEMENT OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM.
As the Duties of Citizenship Are Both General and Local, Every Government, General and Local, Should Do Its Share Toward Fitting Every Individual to Perform Them.
- SIXTH—CURRENCY REFORM.
All the Nation's Money to Be Issued by the Nation's Government, and Its Supply to Be Regulated by the People and Not by the Banks.

Harmony
Among
Democrats.

At a time when there is the greatest need for harmony among the Democrats of the whole country, when a discussion of fundamental issues and principles is to be approached with calm and serious minds, so that dissensions may be a voided in order to array in one column all the forces against the Republican trust magnates and pilers of taxes on the people, is it not supremely ridiculous for the Democrats of this city to begin a petty quarrel about the price of a dinner in honor of one of the founders of the party?

Bickering such as that now going on as to whether a ten dollar feast is less Democratic than a one dollar banquet or a fifty cent dinner, savors more of vaudeville than of politics. There is room for all sorts of dinners, even down to a free lunch, if the diners gather to hear good Democratic doctrine.

The present squabble is petty, ridiculous. Let us hear no more of it. Let us have all the dinners, and let all the speakers at all the dinners preach harmony and good-will, the union of the East and the West for the accomplishment of the great purposes of the party, the restoring to the people of the rights which have been extorted from them by the Republican franchise grabbers and trust spoliators.

Responsibility
for the
Massacre.

Commodore Elbridge trap hotels, and with this information in the possession of the public the proprietors may find that their "vested interests" will be served by making their buildings safe. Our new Ambassador to England has made one speech, of a nature much more pleasing to the people to whom he is sent than to the one he is supposed to represent. Mr. Choate practically admitted, on the first occasion on which he had an opportunity to raise his oratorical safety-valve on British soil, that we were in the wrong in preventing the spoliation of Venezuela by England, that our action on that occasion was merely "twisting the lion's tail," and that our "sober second thought," adding the British "sober first thought," "averted everything but a war of words."

Even so loyal an Administration organ as the Sun is moved by this exhibition to exclaim:

Here is one of the first international questions of the decade, and our brother Joseph goes to England to discover his unfamiliarity with it. We advise him earnestly, for the establishment and endurance of his fame as a diplomat, if not for right dealing with his country, resolutely to decline all festive invitations for a period of thirty days and devote his days and nights to the study of the more recent American and British public documents.

Perhaps it may be possible to understand, now, why the Journal objected to Mr. Choate's appointment.

The position of Ambassador to London is one of considerable importance to our Government. Would it not be practicable, by raising the salary or in some other way increasing the attractions of the place, to obtain occasionally an American to fill it?

Next to Mr. Gerry's parsimony the thing chiefly responsible for the terrible loss of life in the Windsor Hotel fire was inexcusable official negligence. The law compelling the erection of fire escapes makes it mandatory on the Superintendent of Buildings to see that hotels of more than three stories in height "shall be provided with good and sufficient fire escapes." Section 498 of the laws relating to the Department of Buildings says:

Every dwelling house occupied by or built to be occupied by three or more families above the first story, and every building already erected, or that may hereafter be erected, more than three stories in height, occupied and used as a hotel or lodging house, and every boarding house having more than fifteen sleeping rooms above the basement story . . . shall be provided with such good and sufficient fire escapes, stairways or other means of egress in case of fire AS SHALL BE DIRECTED BY THE SUPERINTENDENT OF BUILDINGS, and said Superintendent shall have full and exclusive power and authority within said city to direct fire escapes and other means of egress to be provided upon and within said building, or any of them.

Nothing could be plainer. The Superintendent of Buildings had full authority to enforce the law. The flimsy ropes with which the rooms were supplied were not "good and sufficient fire escapes" in the meaning of the law.

But even the best of fire escapes are only makeshifts. What is needed above all is proper construction of buildings. It is said there are many other hotels as flimsy as Windsor, and that the god of "vested interests" prevents any official action to make a more secure. If vested interests are any more important in the eye of the law than human lives we suggest that the least the authorities can do is to make a thorough investigation of each case and issue a public statement of the facts. The Journal will take pleasure in publishing an official list of deaths

A CLUBBER
GETS
HIS DESERTS.

Policeman Thomas F. Kealy is in the Ludlow Street Jail, where he will have an opportunity to regret his propensity for clubbing unoffending citizens. Two judgments, aggregating \$15,000, have been awarded against him in suits brought by Nils Lindell and John Smith. They proved that Kealy had brutally attacked them with his club and dragged them to the station, the assault being wholly unprovoked. The policeman's bond has been placed at \$30,000.

It is so seldom that the ordinary citizen has an inning in any controversy with a policeman that the fate of Kealy is pleasant to contemplate. It should be a warning to his fellows. The thug in uniform is much too free with his club. If the Police Commissioners fail to stop his murderous attacks on prisoners the courts can work a certain cure by the methods applied in the Kealy case.

GUARDING
AGAINST
DISEASE.

The Grand Jury of East Feliciana Parish, Louisiana, is pursuing the Boards of Health of the State and of the city of New Orleans with indictments for manslaughter. The prisoners are accused of concealing the fact that yellow fever prevailed in New Orleans last Summer, with the result that the disease was introduced into neighboring localities. The Grand Jury holds that the deaths from this portable disease were

due to the failure of the health officers at New Orleans to give notice of its prevalence, and that these officials are therefore guilty of manslaughter.

The merits of this particular case cannot be determined at this early date. But the spirit of the Grand Jury shows that the public mind is awakening to a sense of its dangers and to a regard for self-preservation hitherto lacking in connection with fifth diseases. Such diseases have been accepted like day and night, as inevitable, inexorable. As a matter of fact, they are preventable and unnecessary. Whenever they travel from one locality to another some one has blundered.

Returning soldiers and sailors can easily bring from the tropics disease germs that will destroy the health of innocent persons who have never left their own homes. A report states that there have been seventy-six cases of smallpox in Los Angeles, Cal., since the first of September. Several have been reported in this city and vicinity. Where did this smallpox originate? In the tropics? Grand juries as alert as the one in Louisiana are needed all along the lines of travel that connect the metropolis with less enlightened communities.

The Journal's Position.

Mrs. Place is a terribly perverted creature who deserves punishment for her crime and should be prevented from doing further evil.

But to accomplish this she should be imprisoned for life and not be burned to death by electricity.

Not because she deserves consideration, but because the human race has advanced beyond the point of torturing a woman to death.

Some hundreds of years ago a woman who had committed Mrs. Place's crime would have been boiled in oil.

The CRIME is just as hideous to-day as it was then, but the PEOPLE are better. They have advanced beyond the stage of boiling women in oil. Have they not advanced beyond the burning of women by electricity.

The Journal thinks they have—all of them except Governor Roosevelt.

CONDENSED EDITORIALS.

THE DEATH OF Othuel C. Marsh, professor of paleontology at Yale University, removes one of the foremost geological scholars of the world. His literary contributions to the subject of paleontology alone would have made him famous, but his original researches in the West and East placed him in the very foremost rank of scholars in this field.

ACCORDING TO THE DISPATCHES THE President is to meet Speaker Reed on Jekyll Island to-day for the purpose of patching up a truce and fixing up a policy for 1900. The name of the meeting place has an ominous sound. The two eminent gentlemen may now be in the frame of mind it suggests, but it is not rash to predict that the Mr. Hyde characteristics will develop in both before the next Republican National Convention.

WE ARE INFORMED, by the Fire Chief and the Superintendent of Buildings that there are numerous other hotels in New York City just as deadly as the Windsor was. Let their names be made public. It will prove the best method of closing these death traps.

NOW THAT SENATOR PLATT is back the legislative wheels will probably begin to revolve a little more rapidly, but the grist turned out will be as unpalatable as ever.

Placing the Responsibility.

Editor of the New York Journal:

Is not the "law" a howling success? Take your headlines on Windsor Hotel fire: "Hotel Was Known to Be a Fire Trap; Building Officials Say So, but Law Was Powerless to Prevent Disaster."

Fudge! What are officials for? To hold their chairs down, evidently. Our "fatal mistakes" occur right in the face and eyes of officials who are paid for attending to the safety of the public. If the law is weak, it should be their first duty to have it made strong enough to be effective.

"Who is responsible?" Principally the owners of the building, who should be indicted and punished as common murderers. Ignorance of the law is no excuse, but in this case they were not ignorant of the law. They, as well as others, know full well its weak points, and are contented to add to their millions by getting rent from tinder box buildings.

Have these rich holders of property no shame? Evidently not, for there are thousands more equally dangerous buildings standing and being used, but the "law is powerless."

Greed is responsible for this calamity. All who draw income from that and similar buildings deserve to be haunted forever. Yours truly,

H. P. HUBBARD,

New York City, March 18.

The Trusts and the People.

[Buffalo Times.]

The remarkable progress of the trust movement of late is exciting general attention and increased alarm as to where it is all going to end. Concentration of capital has been going on recently at an astonishing rate. And it all means putting greater and greater power in the hands of a few corporations or syndicates and in the final analysis in the hands of a few men who exercise powers which monarchs of the ages of despotism never dreamed of.

The New York Journal published recently a cartoon by Davenport picturing a gigantic figure in the shape of a human form standing in an arena in the attitude of a victorious gladiator and harling to destruction a puny victim representing the people while Haman, Alger and McKinley look on in awe. "Bravo! Bravo!"

The giant is the trusts, and he is portrayed as the champion of the Administration.

There is more truth than poetry in the simile.

BELSHAZZAR'S.

"The Handwriting on the Wall."

The Democrats, He Writes, Can Well Afford to Allow the Republicans to Monopolize the Expensive Political Feasts.

To the Editor of the Journal:

I avail myself of the Journal's invitation to say a word in regard to political banquets. The banquet has some advantages over the public meeting when a number of speakers are to take part, but whether it proves a benefit or injury to the party which gives it depends entirely upon circumstances.

One of the most famous banquets of ancient times was the Babylonian feast given by the King to a thousand of his lords on the last night of his reign. This banquet has furnished to literature two familiar expressions, "a Belshazzar feast" and "the handwriting on the wall."

One of the noted banquets of modern times was the dinner given at Delmonico's in honor of Mr. Blaine near the close of his campaign. It was so widely criticised by political opponents that some thought it lost Mr. Blaine enough votes to change the result of the election in the State of New York.

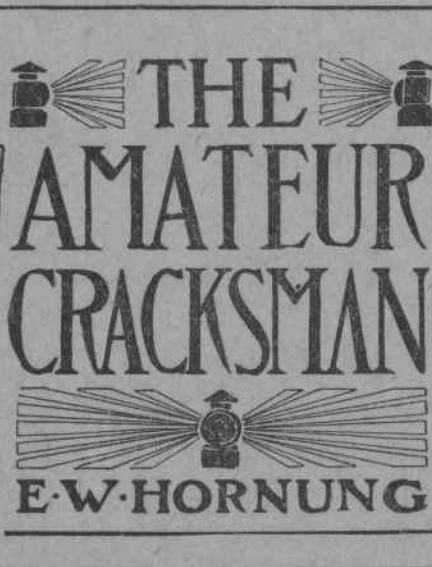
Whether a banquet is cheap or expensive depends partly upon the financial standing of the hosts and partly upon the purpose to be served. If we should chance to have an Attorney-General so kindly disposed toward the trusts as to merit their hospitality, and the trust magnates should tender him a banquet, such a banquet would probably not be characterized by simplicity, although simplicity would characterize those who would expect such an Attorney-General to extinguish the trusts. Or, to add another illustration, if the Secretary of the Treasury should ever be summoned to New York City to receive instructions in regard to the financial policy to be pursued by the Government, he would doubtless partake of a dinner somewhat commensurate with the profits which the financiers would expect to realize from his policy. A high price is likely to exclude from the banquet table all except the leaders, while a low price recognizes the sovereignty of the voter and brings the political benefits of the banquet within reach of a larger proportion of the members of the party.

During the last few years the tendency in Democratic circles has been toward cheaper banquets. Few of the Democratic banquets which have been given since 1896 have cost as much as five dollars per plate, while the greater number of them have ranged from one dollar to three dollars, and the attendance has run from three hundred to a thousand.

Democratic principles appeal to the wealth producers rather than to the manipulators of the markets, and there is every reason why the voters should come in close contact with those who expound the party creed. The Republicans seem wedded to the doctrine of monopoly, and we can well afford to allow them to monopolize the expensive political banquets.

W. J. BRYAN.

MOST POPULAR BOOK OF THE WEEK. A REVIEW BY HENRI PENE DU BOIS.



A T McBride's, in the Arcade, where the most successful books are stacked in triumph, "An Amateur Cracksmen" forms the tallest column. It is the book of the week.

It is in phases similar to the rhapsodies of an illiad, the life of Raffles-Raffles, who is a chairman and a housebreaker, a cricketer and a burglar, even as Villon was a poet.

"I know your bowling," said Addenbrooke to Raffles, reflectively. "I go up to Lord's whenever I want an hour's rest, and I've seen you bowl again and again; yes, and take the best wickets in England on a plumb pitch. I don't forget the last Gentlemen and Players. I was there. You're up to every trick, every one." "I'm inclined to think that if anybody could bowl out this old Australian," said Damme, I believe you're my very man."

In truth, a man who bowls well at cricket may not be a burglar. The two things are exclusive of one another. One might as well try to harness in a team a crocodile and a dove. But he reasonably, love only the truth, and still there shall be hours when reality may not satisfy you. We desire often to get out of nature. We know that it is impossible, but we wish it nevertheless. Are not the desires that may not be realized the most ardent?

Raffles is a skilful sportsman, a presentable chairman, he thinks like Poe, and still, when his friend applies to him for money, Raffles leads him into a burglary.

There was no need for another question. I understood everything but my own density. He had given me a down hint, and I had taken none. And there I stood staring at him, in that empty room, and there he stood with his dark lantern, laughing at me.

"A burglar!" I gasped. "You—you!" "I told you I lived by my wits."

"Why couldn't you tell me what you were going to do? Why couldn't you trust me? Why haven't you?" I demanded, piqued to the quick for all my horror.

"I wanted to tell you," said he. "I was on the point of telling you more than once. You may remember how I sounded you about crime, though you have probably forgotten what you said yourself. I didn't think you meant it at the time, but I thought I'd put you to the test. Now I see you didn't, and I don't blame you. I only am to blame. Get out of it, my dear boy, as quick as you can; leave it to me. You won't give me away, whatever else you do."

Raffles breaks into the Jeweller's shop because his friend needs money, and gets it. Later Raffles leads him into an attack on the diamond fields of South Africa, made alive in Reuben Rosenthal, in London, because there is a fascination in the game.

"Necessity, my dear Bunny? Does the writer only write when the wolf is at the door? Does the painter paint for bread alone? Must you and I be driven to crime like Tom, of Bow, and Dick, of Whitechapel? You pain me, my dear chap; you needn't laugh, because you don't. Art for art's sake is a vile catchword, but I confess it appeals to me. In this case my motives are absolutely pure, for I don't if we shall ever be able to dispose of such peculiar stones. But if I don't have a try for

them, after-to-night I shall never be able to hold up my head again."

In this adventure Raffles dresses as a tramp and as a policeman. He reminds one of the brigands that lived in the comic operas forever abolished. There they served to animate Tyrolean landscapes and to accompany effects of natural water under the light of reflectors. The brigands of the Black Forest, who drank Kirschwasser and carved sapling rings, the bandits who knew Schlegel and the "Laocoon" of Lessing are in this phase of Raffles. He gives more interesting evidences of his perverness. He says:

"My dear Bunny, that's exactly where you make a mistake. To follow crime with reasonable impunity you simply must have a parallel, ostensible career. The more public the better. The principle is obvious. Mr. Peace of pious memory disarmed suspicion by acquiring a local reputation for playing the fiddle and taming animals, and it's my profound conviction that Jack the Ripper was a really eminent public man, whose speeches were very likely reported alongside his atrocities. Fill the bill in some prominent part and you'll never be suspected of doing it with another of equal prominence. That's why I want you to cultivate journalism, my boy, and sign all you can. And it's the one and only reason why I don't burn my bats for firewood."

Raffles goes to Milchester Abbey, Dorset, to play cricket with Lord Amerseth and his guests. The great detective Mackenzie is there to guard their jewels against burglars, whose plans are known. They come and one of them is not caught. The necklace of Lady Melrose disappears as well as he. He is not Raffles.

"And you did nothing!" I exclaimed. "On the contrary, I went downstairs and straight into Lady Melrose's room."

"Without a moment's hesitation. To save her jewels. And I was prepared to yell as much into her ear-trumpet for all the house to hear. But the dear lady is too deaf and too fond of her dinner to wake easily."

"She didn't stir."

"And yet you allowed the professors, as you call them, to take her jewels, case and all?"

"All but this," said Raffles, thrusting his fist into my lap. "I would have shown it you before, but really, old fellow, your face all day has been worth a fortune to the firm."

And he opened his fist, to shut it next instant on

the bunch of diamonds and sapphires that I had last seen encircling the neck of Lady Melrose.

Raffles was on the verge of committing murder once only. Burglars always are. The man who acted as a "fence" for him had discovered who he was. What else could he do than kill him? But another scoundrel saved Raffles from that necessity. Then he aided the murderer to escape. Raffles robbed the Honorable John Montagu Craggs, of Queensland, of a Velasquez. Then he became known to other burglars.

"But look here: what do you mean?" said I. "What does Crawshaw know about you?"

"Not much, but he suspects."

"Why should he?"

"Because, in his way, he's very nearly as good a man as I am; because, my dear Bunny, when eyes in his head and brains behind them, he couldn't help suspecting. He saw me once in town with old Bald. He must have seen me that day in the pub, on the way to Milchester, as well as afterward on the cricket field. As a matter of fact, I know he did. For he wrote and told me so before his trial."

"He wrote to you! And you never told me!"

Crawshaw comes to Raffles in his aristocratic apartment to be saved from the inevitable Mackenzie, and Raffles saves him in the most ingenious way imaginable. But it does not deceive Mackenzie. There is a Javert for every Jean Valjean. In the end, when the German officer who is carrying to a Polynesian king a priceless pearl from the Kaiser finds on the steamship Ulman that he has been robbed, it is Raffles who is suspected. He is captured by Mackenzie. He obtains permission to kiss his sweetheart.

The mate sprang after him, and I sprang after the mate.

Raffles was on the rail, but only just. "Hold him, Bunny!" he cried. "Hold him tight!"

And as I obeyed that last behest with all my might, without a thought of what I was doing, save that he had me do it, I saw his hands shoot up and his head bow down, and his ribs, spare body out the sunset as cleanly and precisely as though he had plunged at his leisure from a diver's board.

Philosophy induces minds into clemency. I absolve willingly the scoundrels, the housebreakers and all the wretches of fiction. Even against the good people of fiction I feel no rancor, however insufferable they may be. Usually at the feast that they give are two waiters dressed in black. Their names are Constraint and Ennui. They are not in "The Amateur Cracksmen." Its author is E. W. Hornung, an Australian like Haddon Chambers and others, who are never commonplace.

HENRI PENE DU BOIS.

The economic question in the West has provoked a novel by Dr. Herbert Fuller, "God's Rebel." The race question in the South has provoked short stories by Sarah Barnwell Elliott, "An Incident and Other Happenings." The murder of Elizabeth and Austria has provoked a biography, "The Martyrdom of an Empress." "Espiritu Santo," a novel by Henrietta Dana Skinner, is dedicated to Princess Mercedes of Spain.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER ON WEDDINGS AND OTHER SOCIAL TATTLE.

FOR the ushers to serve at his wedding to Miss Sloane, Mr. Hammond has chosen his old friends, many of them well known in the Lenox set. Among these are young Stokes, Charles Keller Beckman, Alonzo Potter, the son of the Bishop, who has been interested in church work with Hammond; William Sloane, Arthur Gordon, William Thorne, Allan Robbush and Herbert Parsons.

The wedding will take place at noon, and there will be a reception after the bridal party returns from St. Bartholomew's, at the Sloane residence.

The Vanderbilt-Fair wedding, which takes place the day previous, will also be very quiet and not a large function by any means. It will take place in the conservatory of the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Fifth avenue and Fifty-seventh street. Miss Tolfree will be maid of honor, and the Archbishop will perform the ceremony. The invitations to the house will be limited to one hundred and fifty, including the guests to the reception. The bridal trip will partially be passed on Mr. Vanderbilt's yacht, as both he and Miss Fair are very fond of yachting.

By the way, Miss Fair and her intimate friends were amused yesterday to hear that a paper of this city printed a description and a picture of her wedding gown. As neither Miss Fair nor any one else has yet seen the gown—for it is not finished—the picture and the description were made of things that are not. In this case the paper offending may justly refer to the matter published as "exclusive." It is exclusively not so.

Commodore and Miss Gerry and the Misses Gerry sail in May, and Mrs. Ogden Mills will also sail about the same time.

The John Jacob Astors return to this country in June, and after a short stay at Lihuecliff will be

at Newport for a while.

The Seward Webbs and their party are at Santa Barbara, where young Cornelius and his wife have been—of course neither faction speaking one to another.

Among the departures last week were Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Iselin, Jr., for Colorado Springs. Mrs. Iselin has been in ill health for some time, and she is going to take up her residence there.

The Delancey Kanes are expected back from Europe shortly, in time for the opening of the coaching season. Their son is still a student at Stonyhurst, although with no intention of entering the priesthood.

The engagement of the last week has been that of Langdon Erving and Miss Louise Dupont, the daughter of Colonel Dupont, of Delaware. The Duponts have been living in New York for some seasons, Mrs. Dupont being the patroness of several of the fashionable dances.

Langdon Erving was made quite conspicuous during the Parkhurst crusade, in which he was known as "Sunbeam," as one of the energetic parson's aids in his raids upon immorality, and he was likewise a picturesque figure before the Lenox Commission.

The Duponts are the rich powder people of Delaware, whose name is known all over the civilized world. There has been no date fixed for the wedding.

Lady Bill Buresford, or Lilly, Duchess of Marlborough (whichever you like to style her), has been the lion, or rather lioness, of the past week. As stated in the Journal, she came over to look after her New York property. She makes the visit about once in three years, and is a thorough woman of business.

Usually there is a sale of some of the real estate after her departure, although she has been investing quite steadily in this country for some time.

Her advisers have been the Goetts, and while in New York dinners will be given her by the Hewitts and the Gerrys. She is looking very well, perhaps just a bit more inclined toward ebullience.

The Junior Badminton and the Evening Badminton are both having a series of contests for prizes, and these will also be decided in the last week of March and the first one of April.

After Lent each badminton club will have a dance. They are all opposed one to the other, and each organization claims that it is the only one which is "smart," and thus they have managed with their rivalry to make Lent a bit exciting.

All the Knickerbockers will meet this week. It will be a Knickerbocker Sewing Class on Wednesday, a Knickerbocker Bowling Club the same day, and a Knickerbocker ride on Thursday. What they will do this week they did last and the week before.

But after this week they will practically pass from sight until next Lent will revive them. The rides have been very enjoyable to a large class of young people. They begin about nine and last until eleven, when supper is served. There have been no serious accidents, as sometimes have occurred, and the steeds provided by the Riding Academy have all been quiet and well behaved.

The Mills household are on the mend. Cornelius Vanderbilt is much better, and on fine days he is heard to drive out, although he requires help in and out of his carriage, and he does not look as well as he did in the beginning of the season.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.